

A Tribute

to

CARL ANDREW CAVANAGH

1st May 1974 - 19th October 2019



THE MINSTER, WIMBORNE

Monday, 18th November 2019

Service conducted by

The Reverend Canon Andrew Rowland

Carl was born on the 1st May 1974 in Germany as Dad, Dave, was stationed there with the British Army. The nurses at the hospital called him 'Angel' due to him being so good and contented and as long as he had his milk, he was happy. Even at this very young age he was very strong willed which was to stay with him throughout his life.

Mum Gloria and Dad Dave named him Carl Andrew which later in life proved to be to Carl's distaste being named Carl, born in Germany! But his saving grace was Carl was spelt with a C and not a K! All his life he has been teased at being German (*all in good banter*), whilst he insisted he was born on British Military soil, so therefore he was British.

When Carl was about two and a half his Mum brought him back to Bournemouth where they lived with his Nanny and Grandad. Grandad was a huge influence on Carl and when Carl was about four, Grandad bought him an Alsatian cross Retriever pup which he named Rebel and they both grew up together being inseparable. Rebel would even follow Carl up and down the slide, one day becoming stuck on it! Whenever the ice cream van arrived, Rebel would be there at the front of the queue with Carl closely behind!

When Carl was five years old he went to St Warburga's School and made an immediate impression on the teachers and other pupils. They all loved him due to his ability to befriend everyone and fit in and put people at their ease with that cheeky smile.

Before moving up to St Peter's school, Mum took Carl to Oman for four weeks to see his Dad who was stationed there.

It proved to be a great experience for a young boy as they travelled by military aircraft and lived amongst the Beduine people, living under canvas and riding camels too!

As time moved on and Carl grew older, he went to St Peter's School and in time learnt to swim. He would go swimming as well as roller skating and later, every Saturday, he went to Meyrick Park for golf lessons. Needless to say, he made many friends and when he was about twelve and a half, his Mum, as always, prompted him to get ready to go swimming to which he replied, "*No, I'm grown up now and I'm going out with my friends!*" Mum was mortified!

Carl was still that very strong willed boy and at that difficult stage in a boy's life where he was wanting to make his mark and therefore needed to be controlled with a firm stance, yet he still maintained his sense of humour and politeness and always had time for everyone all through.

In 1985 Mum and Carl moved to Mannington near Wimborne where Carl would attend QE School. This turned out to be less strict than St Peter's and Carl, being Carl, took full advantage of the fact, playing up at every opportunity, but all the time making great life long friends, in particular, Jim and Mark who all become more like Brothers - the 3 Amigos! Before moving up to St Peter's School, Mum took Carl to Oman for four weeks to see his Dad who was stationed there.

After leaving school at the age of sixteen, Mum and Carl went back to Bournemouth to live and Carl would start work with his Uncles in the construction industry, mainly groundworks which was hard work but financially rewarding for a guy who had just left school!

After a time Carl realised that he wanted more from a career so he went back to College to study to obtain qualifications to better himself. During this time Carl was offered a two week work experience at Bournemouth Airport as a fireman. He grabbed the opportunity with both hands and again made such an impression that after the first week, at the age of nineteen, he was offered a full time job as a fireman, making him the youngest ever to join at such a young age, it was normally twenty one years old! Naturally, Carl was over the moon and started work there straight away. His job still required an amount of studying which Carl approached with enthusiasm and mixed with the every day practical side of the job, he took to it like a duck to water.

After his training Carl naturally qualified as a fireman but by now his true aim was to work at Heathrow Airport and in doing so would have to work his way up, via Southampton as this was the door to BAA. Reluctantly, Bournemouth agreed to release him to Southampton and off he went. He was now on the ladder.

Carl spent several years there, at the same time living nearby in Hardley - opposite, would you believe, the fire station! Although the fire station was Hardley, Carl always referred to it as Trumpton and even to this day he has a model of Trumpton in the lounge cabinet!

Carl loved his job and when off-shift he would make himself available as a retained fireman at the station, often being called to forest fires and road traffic accidents. Whether at work, at home or out and about, Carl always had your back and he looked out for people, not just because he was trained that way, but because it was in his DNA right from a young boy. He would never back down or walk away.

In 2001 his beautiful Daughter, Jessica was born. He was the cat that got the cream, he was so proud. As always, he worked extremely hard to provide a nice home for his family, but having said that, he liked to play hard also and he would buy himself an R1 motorbike and in doing so, he made even more good friends on rides out and trips. He also enjoyed a good drink with his mates, of whom there were many!

Due to his, shall we say, non PC banter at times at work and his over eagerness, Carl was held back from joining Heathrow for a time which frustrated him no end and he soon learnt that if he wanted to work there then he would have to reign it in a bit! Well, this he did and with continuous hard work and effort he finally got to Heathrow, job done!

Carl never lost his love for Wimborne and he moved into a shared house behind the Rugby Club - another one of his passions! Later Carl was given the opportunity to buy the house from his good friend, Paul.

Carl made so many friends, far and wide in whatever he did and wherever he went.
He was a legend!

Whilst on a night out with the lads in Wimborne, Carl met his soon to be Wife, Lizzie

On the 1st April 2006, April's Fools Day, Carl met Lizzie!

It was love at first sight, his smile across the bar won her heart from that moment and he still has her heart now. Although Lizzie knew this, she tried to play hard to get.

Carl saw her walk into the ladies toilet and followed her in, refusing to leave until she either kissed him or gave him her number! Needless to say, she did both! From that moment they were inseparable and spent all their free time together in between working as both Carl and Lizzie were both shift workers, Lizzie being a nurse.

They would often go to London to watch shows, dine out and of course, spent many hours in the pub! A couple of months later Lizzie went to Mallorca on a family holiday and little did she know that Carl and her Father, Martin and her Brother, Olly had been planning a surprise for her birthday. When Lizzie was in the sea she looked up and saw this huge smile smiling at her and there was Carl, stood in the sand in his bright white trainers, shorts and a t-shirt thrown over his shoulder. The most romantic surprise she had ever had. From that moment on Carl fell in love with the island of Mallorca.

On that holiday Lizzie fell pregnant and on the 1st May 2007 Henry was born, the same day as Carl's birthday and Carl sobbed tears of joy and always said Lizzie had top trumped him on the birthday present front!

In September 2009, Carl and Lizzie got married. A day spent with loved ones far and wide. Following this they had their second child, Edward, born on the 30th April 2011 - the day before Carl and Henry's birthday! An expensive time that the family always moaned about!

As a family they all spent many times in Mallorca, holidaying and living life to the full.

On the 16th November 2015 Carl's world was rocked - Florence was born. Florence and Carl had many dates together in Costa as this was what she would request when it was 'Daddy Day Care'!

During Carl's time away from his family and work he enjoyed many things like rugby trips, cycling, running, charity events, socialising and generally being a lad! He would drop most things for a good night out and would be the life and soul at any party.

Carl was a huge part of his family and was also considered a Son, Brother and Uncle by Lizzie's family, even after he'd had a few drinks and stomped mud on their new cream carpet, calling them all "*A bunch of mongs!*" A word that means a lot to many, especially his extended family, White Watch!

Carl always put one hundred and ten percent into everything he did and would never give up. Not only did he work at Heathrow Airport, he also worked very hard setting up his own window cleaning company to be able to provide for Lizzie and the children. Everything Carl did was for them and he took on the role of a provider with so much love and passion.

Carl also enjoyed going for family dog walks with their beloved dog, Hogan. Hogan became Carl's best friend and each year on Hogan's birthday Carl would take him for a pint of Guinness, especially as it was St Patrick's Day too! Carl didn't need an excuse for a pint, no wonder the poor dog had an Asbo!

Carl, Lizzie is so unbelievably proud of you and everything you did for her and your beautiful children. You are loved so very much by all yours's and Lizzie's family and friends.

Lizzie promises to love and guide your four babies throughout their lives and will protect them as you did. You will live on in them.

Carl, your smile will never be forgotten.



“Special” is a word that is used to describe something one of a kind, like a hug or a sunset or a person who spreads love with a smile or kind gesture.

“Special” describes people who act from the heart and keep in mind the hearts of others.

“Special” applies to someone who is admired, inspirational and precious and can never be replaced.

“Special” is the word that best describes you, Carl.

A Tribute to Carl

from Mike, White Watch

Trying to start this speech was always going to be the hardest part so I thought I'd just do what Carl would do and be totally inappropriate from start to finish and hopefully, like the great man, I will get away with it. Wish me luck!

As we all know, Carl was larger than life and at work he was no different. Full of energy and banter and you could hear him coming as he blasted his way through every door, hatch and barrier! The only man we know who can enter a room and without seeing or hearing his voice, you knew who it was!

Carl had the ability to have rapport with everyone on Station. No matter who you were, how frustrating his noise and banter was, you couldn't help but love him. Even when there was the occasional argument, his puppy dog eyes, wagging tail, loving nature and cheeky dimpled grin had everyone in stitches almost straight away. Carl was basically a dog! His infectious personality, twinned with his Mutley-esk giggle confirmed his canine status, probably some form of Bulldog!

Carl loved to joke that the Harry Potter 'sorting hat' was used at Heathrow and was never wrong when choosing which Watch, new Firefighters were going to join.....

Whether it was the window lickers of Red, the groovy gang of Green, the money grabbers of Blue or the legends of White, Carl would always have a few choice words to say, which generally involved him using the term "*Mong*" multiple times!

It says a lot about his character, that no matter which Watch you were, he would always have time for you as an individual.

If you had a firemanship question.....
he'd take the piss and then help you!

If you had a dilemma at home.....
he'd listen, take the piss and then offer advice.

If you had a question about gym.....
he'd take the piss and then do a workout with you.

If you messed up.....
he'd show you how to improve or get you out of the mess,
then take the piss!

And he was also the most enthusiastic person in the world,
full of **energy** and **life** and **gusto**.

From meeting the Southampton boys at silly o'clock in the morning, to getting on the bus at work, to the first cup of tea in his hand, he was **loud**, chatty and the life and soul of everything, but very occasionally that enthusiasm would waiver, usually at the morning briefing when we were informed of the days training, but he'd be out on the fireground or the drill yard doing what needed to be done.....*before working out which coffee shop or shops to visit (for professional reasons of familiarisation of course!)*

Now, if there is one thing that Carl loves more than consuming coffee at work, then it was the dinner list! Despite his regular declaration of "*I'm going to start eating more healthily*", he would be swayed straight away by the offering of bangers n' mash inside a giant Yorkshire pudding!

Carl was a stickler for tradition and always offered the first suggestions for the day's meal.....Saturday was brunch, four of everything and then cheese and onion rolls for the afternoon, just in case we got hungry!

Fish Fridays were guaranteed as was a curry every Tuesday night, but by far, Carl's favourite was Sundays. He would cook a mean roast and his dinner list never failed to disappoint.....

7.5 kilos of potatoes (even if only eight of us were eating!)

Nearly a whole leg of lamb per person

Stuffing

Carrots

Peas

Cheesy Cauliflower

Gravy so thick and perfect it would cling to every individual item of food like a Mexican oil disaster

(I told you I was going to be inappropriate!)

It would take you a solid five minutes of eating just to see the edge of your plate and let's not get started on puddings!

The only list bigger than a Sunday was Carl's infamous mid week 'mini' roast.....a feast usually of such epic proportions any training that afternoon was a struggle, if not a right off for all!

As witnessed here today, some of us are more successful than others at our training of Carl's epic weekly menu

(I'm implying some are fatter than others!).

So, let's move to fitness.....in the gym his 'beast mode' mentality was an impressive thing to witness. He'd often do his own workout and then join in and do someone else's and possibly another after that.

Carl was one of the strongest people we knew and had the heart and mind of a lion and would push those that dare train with him to the limit.

Many people commented that to look at Carl was not to see your typical athlete but when you pushed the 'beast mode' button few could keep up with him, be it biking, running, rowing or chucking some weights around!

His courage to try something new, learn a new discipline and improve himself should be a blueprint for us all to strive to be the best we can be and to not be afraid to fail.

Now, those were some of Carl's stronger qualities, but perhaps one of his weaker traits was geography! Wherever he was on his way to work, if you called him for an e.t.a., he'd always reply, "*I'm on Airport Way, be with you in five*" despite usually still being on the M3 or M25!

At the end of a shift, the sacred trio of phone, keys and ID are the only checklist you need when getting on the van to go home. Without fail, Carl would forget at least one, sometimes all three of these things and furious horn honking would ensue with a rowdy journey back to the car park!

How he kept up that relentless banter and noise for eighteen to twenty hours a day will forever remain a mystery.

The problem with Carl is that there's simply too many stories to elaborate on.....everyone has their own individual memories of who he was and numerous hilarious stories to tell.....like.....

.....riding his motorbike at ridiculous speeds, tapping on car windows on his way up the M3!

.....writing 'B' loves 'C' everywhere across the airport and beyond!

.....cartwheeling across the fireground!

.....exploding his coffee on Birdy's new car!

.....stripping in the middle of Covent Garden on his stag do!

.....swinging round a pole in a gay bar in Soho at three in the morning!

.....the Dublin run, you'll have to ask Darren!

.....falling asleep halfway through changing the Sky channel!

.....falling asleep halfway through a conversation!

.....proudly showing off his indestructible mug before smashing everyone else's when his was run over by a MAC 11!

.....launching his wedding ring off completely by mistaking when being chatted up by a gay bloke!

.....sneaking through security in Fire 10's locker when he'd forgotten his ID (again!)

.....and rescuing Peppa Pig in his official fire service incident report!

But like I said before, he was always there for you, that's why whenever there was a falling out on Station he would always sing,
"It's so funny how we don't talk anymore!"

And he loved his own voice and he loved his mates which is why for therapeutic reasons he would sing Akon's 'Lonely' to Birdy every time he got dumped! He would sing 'Careless Whisper' every time Birdy got dumped. He would sing 'The Sound Of Silence' every time Birdy got dumped and he would sing, "It's So Funny How We Don't Talk Anymore' every time Bird got dumped! He really liked singing to Birdy!

Carl has the rare skill of making things so much worse and so much better at the same time and staying with the Birdman for a second.....Carl loved to wind him up, one time specifically was one of those infamous ski trips. Simply utilising Birdy's toilet every morning with door wide open to allow the fragrance to flow was enough to amuse Carl day in day out! And staying on the toilet metaphorically and literally.....

Using the nest of side tables in his lounge for something a nest of side tables should never be used for! The list of his antics could and does go on and on and on.

Everyone here today would probably agree that Carl was almost super human. He'd stood strong, shoulder to shoulder with every one of us, be it at work, on the rugby field, in the bar or with his family and his strength was always felt in the White Watch Shield Wall, staying strong as a unit was something Carl believed in greatly. A band of brothers and misfits standing together, ready to defy the odds.

Whilst Carl may not be taking his place front and centre in person anymore, he'll certainly stand strong shoulder to shoulder in our memory and hearts.

I've spoken on behalf of a lot of people today but I want to speak personally to Carl and say what an absolute privilege it has been.....

.....a privilege to be supported by you
.....a privilege to be your friend
.....a privilege to watch how dedicated you are to your family
.....a privilege to be trusted and loved
.....a privilege to speak right now
.....and a privilege to walk with you today, one last time.

Carl, you are our role model, you are our Brother and you will live on in all of us forever.

Thank you.

Well done Mate xxx



My Darling Carly Pops

Standing here saying these words is something I never
imagined I would ever have to do.

I loved you from the minute I met you, that smile and
that love will only ever continue to grow.

You have given the kids and I such wonderful memories
and they will stay in our hearts forever.

I'm so proud of you and everything you have achieved in life,
you lived it to the max and I'm proud of how hard you worked
to provide for us.

You were such a kind and caring man, your smile
and laughter could cheer anyone up.

You've left behind four beautiful children who I promise
to protect for as long as I live. I'm good at the pink jobs
but no good at the blue ones!

I will miss our banter which no one ever knew how
to take and we would just sit back and laugh.

I will miss finding you asleep on the doorstep, drunk,
leaving your wet towel on the bed and leaving a mess
everywhere you went.

But most of all, I will miss you. I love you Carl.
Goodnight, sleep tight and don't let the bed bugs bite!



Dear Daddy

I miss you, I love you so much. You took me everywhere,
you took me to Costa. Big squeeze.

Love from Florence xxx

Dear Daddy

Hope you are ok. I miss you so much. I am so sad without you
and you took me everywhere - to football, to the skate park, to
the pub. I was proud of you so much as you are the best Daddy
because you made the best sand castles. I promise to be a good
boy for Mummy and I will miss you so much. You were the best
Daddy in the world. I miss you to the moon and back. I loved
you so much, I am so proud of you, that you did most of the
swimming. You were the best in the world.

Love from Ted xxx

Dear Daddy

Since you have been gone you have left a huge hole in our lives
and hearts. I love you so very much and miss you more than you
will ever know. I will miss you at my football matches, shouting
on the side-lines and telling me what to do. I will miss you taking
me to Arsenal matches together. I will miss you taking us to the
skate park and to Costa after. I will miss our family dog walks
together and going to the pub after. But most of all Daddy, I will
miss you and the big squeezes you gave me. I'll love you for the
rest of my life, always and forever.

Love from Henry xxx



Dad

from Jess

For those of you who don't me, I'm Jess, Carl's Daughter. I would have loved to come today and say something I've written to tell you all today about his cheeky smile, comforting warm hugs or the endless words of wisdom and theories he had to give but frankly we'd be here all day! So, instead I'd like to read you this poem as it's a poem Dad's had with him some way or another since I can remember and although it is an incredibly religious poem, I can now take it with me through my life knowing that Dad is with me as the Lord is with the man in the poem, 'Footprints'.....

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord. Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky. In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand. Sometimes there were two sets of footprints, other times there was one only. This bothered me because I noticed that during the low periods of my life, when I was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, I could see only one set of footprints, so I said to the Lord,

“You promised me Lord that if I followed you you would walk with me always. But I have noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there has only been one set of footprints in the sand. Why, when I needed you most, have you not been there for me?”

The Lord replied :

“The times when you have seen only one set of footprints my child, it is then that I carried you”

